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1840



No. 370.

MEMOIR

OF

MAN,

DR. JOHN D. GOULD, ILLUSTRATIONS," ETC.

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, AUTHOR OF "ANATOMY, ILLUSTRATIONS," &C.

M. D.,

THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE,

WHO

DIED AT PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1830

FROM

AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

BY THOMAS SEWALL

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY

COLLEGE, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Sewall

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all imagination and deep-toned enthusiasm of his God-
times burst forth in impassioned poetry. The following
is a picture of his meditations in view of his approach-
tion.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

Thy solemn hour! now wide uncurl'd,
Thy mantle o'er the world;
Thy lamp has ceas'd its blifful gleam;
Thy choir is hush'd; the swelling song
Thy soul is still'd; the lofty cross
Thy summit to the fading breeze;
It rest, or seems to sleep;
O man, to wail and weep;

Thy system's end decay,
Thy power of all decay;

Thy power of all decay;

Thy power of all decay;

Thy power of all decay;

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Biog.

No. 370.

MEMOIR

OF

DR. JOHN D. GODMAN,

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, AUTHOR OF "ANATOMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS," ETC.

FROM AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE,
BY THOMAS SEWALL, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY IN THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE,
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THERE are occasions when it is proper, when it is profitable, to pause in the career of life, not only to mark the progress of things, but to observe the character of men, and more especially of men distinguished for eminent success or signal failure, that we may emulate the examples of the one, and shun the misfortunes of the other. The present is such an occasion; and if properly improved, cannot fail to instruct as well as to gratify.

There has recently appeared among us a man, so remarkable for the character of his mind and the qualities of his heart; one whose life, though short, was attended with such brilliant displays of genius, and such distinguished success in the study of the medical profession and the kindred sciences, that the history of his career, and the prominent traits of his character as exhibited in the important events of his life, constitute one of the noblest examples of the age.

PROFESSOR GODMAN was born in the city of Annapolis, Maryland. He was early deprived of the fostering care which flows from parental solicitude and affection. His mother died before he was a year old, and his father did not long survive. On the death of his mother, he was placed

under the care of an aunt, then residing at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware—a lady who, from the superiority of her intellect and education, as well as the sweetness of her disposition and her elevated piety, was eminently qualified to unfold, impress, and direct the youthful mind. Under such culture he received the first rudiments of his education and his earliest moral impressions. His alphabet was taught him upon the knee of his grandmother, and before he was two years old he was able to read in the Psalms.

At the age of four his aunt removed from Delaware to Chestertown, upon the eastern shore of Maryland, and here she first placed the interesting orphan at school. He had already become the idol of the family, but now he manifested such a precocity of intellect, such a fondness for books, and an aptitude to learn, and withal evinced so much sensibility, frankness, and sweetness of disposition, that he gained the affection and excited the admiration of all. His reverence for truth was such, even from his infancy, that he was never known to equivocate. At the age of six his aunt died, and he was left without any suitable protector or guide, exposed to the adversities of fortune and the snares of an unfriendly world. But it appears that the moral and religious impressions which had already been made upon his mind, though obscured for a time, were never wholly obliterated. During his last illness he was often heard to speak in raptures of his aunt, and say, “If I have ever been led to do any good, it has been through the influence of her example, instruction, and prayers.” His father had lost the greater part of his estate before his death, and that which remained never came into the hands of his children. Young Godman, therefore, was early taught to rely on his own talents and industry. In this situation he was indented an apprentice to a printer in the city of Baltimore; but the occupation was not congenial to his taste, and after a few years he left the business in disgust, and at the same time

entered as a sailor on board the flotilla, which was then, the fall of 1814, stationed in the Chesapeake Bay. At the close of the war, having arrived at the age of fifteen, he was permitted to pursue the inclination of his own mind, and immediately commenced the study of medicine. So indefatigable was he in the acquisition of knowledge, that he left no opportunity of advancement unimproved, and notwithstanding the deficiencies of his preparatory education, he pressed forward with an energy and perseverance that enabled him to rival all his fellows, and graduated before he was twenty years old, in the University of Maryland, with the highest honors.

He settled for a short time in the practice of medicine ; but was soon called to the professorship of anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio. After one year he left the West, and opened a school of anatomy in Philadelphia, for the benefit of the medical classes of the University of Pennsylvania.

After he had here prosecuted his anatomical studies for four or five years, his reputation as an anatomist became so generally known, that the eyes of the profession were directed to him from every part of the country ; and in 1826 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy in Rutgers' Medical College, in the city of New York. This situation, as well as every other in which he had been placed, he sustained with a popularity almost unparalleled. He never exhibited in public but he gathered around him an admiring audience, who hung with delight upon his lips. But the duties of the chair, together with his other scientific pursuits, were too arduous, and the climate too rigorous for a constitution already subdued by labor and broken by disease ; and before he had completed his second course of lectures, he was compelled to retire from the school, and seek a residence in a milder climate. He repaired with his family to one of the West India islands, and remained till

the approach of summer, when he returned and settled in Germantown. Here and in Philadelphia he spent the remainder of his life, which was principally devoted to composing works for the press.

The productions of Dr. Godman's pen, and the fruits of his labor, are too numerous to be specified. Among them will be found, "Anatomical Investigations, comprising a Description of various Fasciæ of the Human Body;" "An account of some Irregularities of Structure, and Morbid Anatomy;" "Contributions to Physiological and Pathological Anatomy;" "A System of Natural History of American Quadrupeds;" "An Edition of Bell's Anatomy, with Notes;" "Rambles of a Naturalist;" and several articles on natural history, for the American Encyclopedia, besides numerous papers which have appeared in the periodical journals of the day. At one time he was the principal editor of the "Philadelphia Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences." Some time before his death he published a volume of Addresses which he had delivered on different public occasions. Most of these admired productions have been before the public for a considerable time; have been received with high approbation, and several of them have been favorably noticed, and even republished in foreign countries.

His intellectual character was very extraordinary. He possessed all the characteristic features of a mind of the highest order. Naturally bold, ardent, and enterprising, he never stopped to calculate consequences, so far as they regarded himself; but rushed forward with impetuosity to perform whatever he undertook. Great and lofty intellectual purposes seemed to be the natural element in which he lived. His perception was quick and accurate; his memory exceedingly retentive; and he possessed an uncommon facility of abstracting his attention from surrounding objects, and of concentrating all his powers upon the subject of his

pursuit. It was this latter trait of mind, no doubt, which gave such effect to all his efforts; while he was indebted to the power of his memory for the remarkable facility he possessed of acquiring languages; for although his early education had been exceedingly limited, he acquired such a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, German, Danish, Spanish, and Italian languages, as to read and translate them with fluency, and to write several of them with elegance. His quick and discriminating powers of observation naturally inclined him to notice the habits and economy of animals, and gave him his taste for the study of natural history.

His powers of description and illustration imparted freshness and splendor to every thing he touched. All his conceptions were strong, clear, and original; and he possessed the power of holding before him whatever object engaged his attention, till all its parts and relations were brought to view. By those who have listened to his extemporaneous discussions, it is said, that while he was speaking, a thousand images seemed to cluster around the subject, and that he had just time to select such as imparted beauty, or furnished the happiest illustration of the object he wished to explain. Yet, while he possessed all this richness and fertility of mind, taste and judgment ever controlled its operations.

He was a laborious and untiring student, and possessed in a high degree the requisites of all true intellectual greatness—the habit of patient investigation, long-continued attention, and a singular love of labor. “How often,” says one to whom he unbosomed the secrets of his heart, “have I entreated him, while poring half the night over his books and papers—how often have I begged him to consider his health; but his ambition and thirst for knowledge were such, that having commenced an investigation, or a language, no difficulty could stop him; and what he had no time to

accomplish in the day, he would do at night, instead of enjoying that rest of which he stood in so much need."

It has been truly and happily said by one who knew him intimately, that his eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge seemed like the impulse of gnawing hunger and an unquenchable thirst, which neither adversity nor disease could allay. Variety of occupations was the only relaxation which he sought or desired.

He composed with rapidity, but not without a high degree of intellectual excitement, and the most abstracted attention. Under such an influence, some of his best essays were sent to the press as they first came from his pen, without the smallest correction.

There have been but few men more variously gifted by nature, or more nobly distinguished by industry and zeal, than Dr. Godman. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which he labored, he became "one of the most accomplished general scholars and linguists, acute and erudite naturalists, ready, pleasing, and instructive lecturers and writers of his country or era. He prosecuted extensive and diversified researches, composed superior disquisitions and reviews, and large and valuable volumes," and he imparted a freshness and vigor to every thing he touched.

But there remains another view of Dr. Godman—his MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER, which was so admirable, so strongly drawn, and so worthy of imitation, that it cannot be withheld, and which proved his solace in sickness, cheered him as he approached the valley of death, and shed light and immortality around his dying bed.

Unhappily he had formed his philosophical and religious opinions after the model of the French naturalists of the last century, the most distinguished of whom were deists and atheists; and such is man in his natural, his fallen condition, that even while surrounded by the most magnificent

displays of divine power and wisdom, and with his eyes directed to those very objects, and his attention arrested by those very laws which proclaim the existence and the presence of an almighty power, he overlooks and passes by the evidences they furnish of the existence of a Deity; and this often under the specious but delusive pretext of casting off the shackles of prejudice and superstition, and of giving the reins to free, enlightened, and philosophical inquiry. It was the case with Dr. Godman; for while assisted by such lights as these, and guided alone in his investigations by perverted reason, he became, as he tells us, an established infidel, rejecting revelation, and casting all the evidences of an existing God beneath his feet.

It was not till the winter of 1827, while engaged in his course of lectures in New York, that he was arrested in his career, and brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth. At this time an incident occurred which led him to a candid perusal of the gospels, as contained in the New Testament. It was a visit to a death-bed—the death-bed of a Christian—the death-bed of a student of medicine. There he saw what reason could not explain, nor philosophy fathom. He opened his Bible, and the secret was unfolded. From this time he became a devoted student of the Scriptures. How far they were made the efficient cause of his conversion to Christianity will best appear from his own eloquent pen.

To a medical friend, Dr. Judson, of Washington city, a surgeon in the navy of the United States, who was at that time in the last stage of consumption, he wrote as follows:

“GERMANTOWN, Dec. 25, 1828.

“In relation to dying, my dear friend, you talk like a sick man, and just as I used to do when very despondent; death is a debt we all owe to nature, and must eventually ensue from a mere wearing out of the machine, if not from

disease. The time when, makes no difference in the act of dying to the individual ; for after all, it terminates in corporeal insensibility, let the preceding anguish be never so severe. Nature certainly has a strong abhorrence to this cessation of corporeal action, and all animals have a dread of death who are conscious of its approach. A part of our dread of death is purely physical, and is avoidable only by a philosophical conviction of its necessity ; but the greater part of our dread, and the terrors with which the avenues to the grave are surrounded, are from another and a more potent source. ‘ ’Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all,’ and forces us by our terrors to confess that we dread something beyond physical dissolution, and that we are terrified, not at merely ceasing to breathe, but that we have not lived as we ought to have done, have not effected the good that was within the compass of our abilities, and neglected to exercise the talents we possessed to the greatest advantage. The only remedy for this fear of death is to be sought by approaching the Author of all things in the way prescribed by himself, and not according to our own foolish imaginations. Humiliation of pride, denial of self, subjection of evil tempers and dispositions, and an entire submission to his will for support and direction, are the best preparatives for such an approach. A perusal of the gospels, in a spirit of real inquiry after a direction how to act, will certainly teach the way. In these gospels the Saviour himself has preached his own doctrines, and he who runs may read. He has prescribed the course ; he shows how the approval and mercy of God may be won ; he shows how awfully corrupt is man’s nature, and how deadly his pride and stubbornness of heart, which cause him to try every subterfuge to avoid the humiliating confession of his own weakness, ignorance, and folly. But the same blessed hand has stripped death of all the terrors which brooded around the grave, and converted the gloomy receptacle of our mor-

tal remains into the portal of life and light. O, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end and future state be like his.

“This is all I know on the subject. I am no theologian, and have as great an aversion to priestcraft as one can entertain. I was once an infidel, as I told you in the West Indies. I became a Christian from conviction, produced by the candid inquiry recommended to you. I know of no other way in which death can be stripped of its terrors; certainly none better can be wished. Philosophy is a fool, and pride a madman. Many persons die with what is called *manly firmness*; that is, having acted a part all their lives, according to their prideful creed, they must die *game*. They put on as smooth a face as they can, to impose on the spectators and die *firmly*. But this is all deception; the true state of their minds at the very time, nine times out of ten, is worse than the most horrible imaginings even of hell itself. Some who have led lives adapted to sear their conscience and petrify all the moral sensibilities, die with a kind of indifference similar to that with which a hardened convict submits to a new infliction of disgraceful punishment. But the man who dies as a man ought to die, is the humble-minded, believing Christian; one who has tasted and enjoyed all the blessings of creation, who has had an enlightened view of the wisdom and glory of his Creator; who has felt the vanity of merely worldly pursuits and motives, and been permitted to know the mercies of a blessed Redeemer as he approaches the narrow house appointed for all the living.

“Physical death may cause his senses to shrink and fail at the trial; but his mind, sustained by the Rock of ages, is serene and unwavering. He relies not on his own righteousness, for that would be vain; but the arms of mercy are beneath him, the ministering spirits of the Omnipotent are around him. He does not ‘die manfully,’ but he ‘rests

in Jesus ;' he blesses his friends, he casts his hope on One all-powerful to sustain and mighty to save, then sleeps in peace. He is dead, but liveth ; for He who is the resurrection and the life has declared, ' Whoso believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.' "

This letter, which so truly contrasts the death-bed scene of the infidel with that of the Christian, so beautifully portrays the history of the change which had been effected in Dr. Godman's own sentiments and affections, and so clearly points the benighted wanderer to the true source of life and light, was not lost upon his friend to whom it was addressed. It described his condition, and it reached his heart.

Dr. Judson, though religiously instructed when young, having a pious clergyman for his father, and another for his elder brother, the distinguished and devoted missionary to Burmah, yet had long since freed himself from what he called the prejudices of education, the shackles of priest-craft, and was ranging the fields of infidelity. He had acquired wealth and reputation, was an estimable man in all the domestic relations of life, and a highly respected member of our profession ; but the self-denying doctrines of the Saviour were too humbling to his proud spirit, and he could not submit to their influence. At the time he received Dr. Godman's letter, however, he was gloomy and despondent ; looking forward with fearful forebodings to the period of his dissolution, which seemed not far distant. He had no confidence but that of the sceptic—no hope but that of ceasing to be. Aware of the fatal nature of the disease under which he had lingered for years, he had long been arming himself to meet the king of terrors with composure, that he might die like a philosopher—" *with manly firmness ;*" but as he drew nearer to the grave, the clouds and

darkness thickened around him, and he began to fear that there might be something beyond this narrow prison. He had hitherto refused all religious intercourse, but now his infidelity began to give way, and he inquired with solicitude, "Is there such a thing as the new birth; and if so, in what does it consist?" He was directed to the gospels for the answer. He at length consented to make the investigation recommended by Dr. Godman. He took up the New Testament, and read it in the spirit of candid inquiry. A conviction of the truth of its doctrines fastened upon him. He now solicited the advice and prayers of a pious clergyman. Yet he could not consent to relinquish the sentiments which he had so long cherished, without the clearest proof, and he disputed every inch of ground with great acuteness and ability; but the truth was exhibited by the venerable divine with such force and simplicity, that it overcame every argument he could produce, and he saw clearly the folly of his sceptical opinions. The clouds were dissipated, light broke in upon his mind, and he was enabled to take hold of the promises. The remaining days of his life were devoted to fervent prayer and the constant study of the Scriptures, which filled his soul with divine composure, and enabled him to rely with undoubting confidence on the infinite merits of his Redeemer, and with his last breath to cry, "Peace, peace." If he did not die with "manly firmness," he "rested in Jesus."

The exercises of such a mind as Dr. Godman's, during a long period of affliction, cannot fail to be interesting as well to the philosopher as to the Christian, and more especially as expressed by himself. I shall therefore present a few brief extracts from some of his correspondence of that period.

"PHILADELPHIA, February 17, 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Since my last to you, my health has suffered various and most afflicting changes. The unu-

sual severity of the weather, and other scarcely perceptible causes, induced an attack of inflammation in the diseased lung, which, in my enfeebled condition, required more of depletion and reduction of diet than could be readily borne; hemorrhage ensued on the third or fourth day, which relieved the local affection considerably, and by the aid of blistering frequently, and perfect rest, I gradually amended; still the great suffering, caused by the mental and corporeal debility, was beyond any thing ever before experienced by me, even after the active condition of disease was checked. But thanks to the mercies of Him who is alone able to save, the valley and shadow of death were stripped of their terrors, and the descent to the grave was smoothed before me. Relying on the mercies and infinite merits of the Saviour, had it pleased God to call me then, I believe I should have died in a peaceful, humble confidence. But I have been restored to a state of comparative health, perhaps nearly to the condition in which I was when I wrote to Dr. Judson; and I am again allowed to think of the education of my children and the support of my family.

“Believe me truly your friend,

‘J. D. GODMAN.

“Professor SEWALL.”

In answer to a suggestion which I made to him of the propriety of leaving behind him a memoir of his life, he says, “It has long been my intention, as my life has been a curious one, to put a short account of it together for the benefit of my children and others.”

It appears, however, from some lines he wrote at a later period of his life, that he never accomplished this object; for in a manuscript volume which he sent to a friend, and which he intended to fill with original pieces of his own composition, he writes as follows.

“Did I not in all things feel most thoroughly convinced that the overruling of our plans by an all-wise Providence

is always for good, I might regret that a part of my plan cannot be executed. This was, to relate a few curious incidents from among the events of my most singularly guided life, which, in addition to mere novelty or peculiarity of character, could not have failed practically to illustrate the importance of inculcating correct religious and moral principles, and imbuing the mind therewith from the very earliest dawn of intellect, from the very moment that the utter imbecility of infancy begins to disappear. May *His* holy will be done, who can raise up abler advocates to support the truth. This is my first attempt to write in my token—why may it not be the last? O, should it be, believe me that the will of God will be most acceptable. Notwithstanding the life of neglect, sinfulness, and perversion of heart which I so long led before it pleased him to dash all my idols in the dust, I feel an humble hope in the boundless mercy of our blessed Lord and Saviour, who alone can save the soul from merited condemnation. May it be in the power of those who chance to read these lines, to say, Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.”

On my communicating to Dr. Godman an account of the last moments of his friend Dr. Judson, he responds in the following feeling and beautiful manner.

“GERMANTOWN, May 21, 1829.

“MY DEAR FRIEND—I feel very grateful for your attention in sending me an account of our dear Judson’s last moments. After all his doubts, difficulties, and mental conflicts, to know that the Father of mercies was pleased to open his eyes to the truth, and shed abroad in his heart the love and salvation offered through the Redeemer, is to me a source of the purest gratification, and a cause of the most sincere rejoicing. The bare possibility of my having been

even slightly instrumental in effecting the blessed change of mind he experienced, excites in me emotions of gratitude to the Source of all good which words cannot express.

“My health has been in a very poor condition since my last to you. My cough and expectoration have been generally bad, and my body is emaciated to a very great degree. The warm weather now appears to have set in, and possibly I may improve a little ; otherwise, it will not be long before I follow our lately departed friend. Let me participate in the prayers you offer for the sick and afflicted, and may God grant me strength to die to his honor and glory, in the hopes and constancy derived from the merits and atonement of the blessed Saviour. With my best wishes for your health and prosperity, I remain sincerely yours,

“J. D. GODMAN.”

“PHILADELPHIA, October 6, 1829.

“MY DEAR FRIEND—My health is, as for a considerable time past, in a very tolerable condition ; that is, I can sit up a great part of the day, writing or reading, without much injury. My emaciation is great, and though not very rapid, is steady, so that the change in my strength takes place almost imperceptibly. On the whole, though I suffer greatly, compared with persons in health, yet so gently have the chastenings of the Lord fallen upon me, that I am hourly called upon for thankfulness and gratitude for his unfailing mercies. Equal cause have I had for rejoicing that I have learned to put my whole trust in him ; as he has raised me up help and friends in circumstances which seemed to render even hope impossible, and has blessed me and mine with peace and content in the midst of all afflictions, trials, and adversity.

“Knowing experimentally the value of implicit submission of all thoughts and desires to his most holy will, it is no small source of distress to me, to see how many of my

most valued friends live in the habitual neglect of a happiness so pure, so attainable, and admirable."

Dr. Godman's religious feelings, though ardent, were not bigoted. In him religion was not that cold, selfish, and narrow principle which shuts out from one's confidence all not of his own faith; nor did it consist in a loud profession of a particular doctrine or creed. It was the religion of the heart, deep, sincere, and as comprehensive as the charity of Heaven; embracing all the humble, faithful, and really excellent of every denomination of Christians.

In the concluding part of the above letter, after speaking of the different religious denominations in terms of great liberality and candor, he says,

"However, I find all *really religious* persons to be of one mind. Those who have drunk at the undefiled spring of truth, as set forth in the New Testament, without obscuration of human creeds or tradition, I have never found to differ in any respect that was of the slightest importance; and therefore with such persons, however called, I can always communicate advantageously.

"Sincerely your friend,

"J. D. GODMAN."

His strong and practical views of the authenticity of Christianity are clearly exhibited in the following extract which he wrote not long before his death.

"Is proof wanting, that these gospels are true? It is only necessary for an honest mind to read them candidly to be convinced. Every occurrence is stated clearly, simply, and unostentatiously. The narrations are not supported by asseverations of their truth, nor by parade of witnesses: the circumstances described took place in presence of vast multi-

tudes, and are told in that downright, unpretending manner which would have called forth innumerable positive contradictions, had they been untrue. Mysteries are stated without attempt at explanation, because *explanation* is not necessary to establish the *existence* of facts, however mysterious. Miracles also, attested by the presence of vast numbers, are stated in the plainest language of narration, in which the slightest working of imagination cannot be traced. This very simplicity, this unaffected sincerity and quiet affirmation, have more force than a thousand witnesses—more efficacy than volumes of ambitious effort to support truth by dint of argumentation.

“What motive could the evangelist have to falsify? The Christian kingdom is not *of this world*, nor *in it*. Christianity teaches disregard of its vanities, depreciates its honors and enjoyments, and sternly declares, that none can be Christians but those who escape from its vices and allurements. There is no call directed to ambition—no gratification proposed to vanity; the sacrifice of self—the denial of all the propensities which relate to the gratification of passion or pride, with the most humble dependence upon God, are invariably taught, and most solemnly enjoined, under penalty of the most awful consequences. Is it then wonderful that such a system should find revilers? Is it surprising that sceptics should abound, when the slightest allowance of belief would force them to condemn all their actions? Or is it to be wondered at, that a purity of life and conversation so repugnant to human passions, and a humility so offensive to human pride, should be opposed, rejected, and contemned? Such is the true secret of the opposition to *religion*—such the cause inducing men who lead unchristian lives to array the frailties, errors, weakness, and vices of individuals, or sects, against *Christianity*, hoping to weaken or destroy the system by rendering ridiculous or contemptible those who *profess* to be governed by its

influence, though their conduct shows them to be acting under an opposite spirit.

“What is the mode in which this most extraordinary doctrine of Christianity is to be diffused? By force—temporal power—temporal rewards—earthly triumphs? None of these. By earnest persuasion, gentle entreaty, brotherly monition, paternal remonstrance. The dread resort of threatened punishment comes last—exhibited in sorrow, not in anger; told as a fearful truth, not denounced with vindictive exultation; while, to the last moment, the beamy shield of mercy is ready to be interposed for the saving of the endangered.

“Human doctrines are wavering and mutable; the doctrines of the blessed and adorable Jesus, our Saviour, are fixed and immutable. The traditions of men are dissimilar and inconsistent; the declarations of the Gospel are harmonious, not only with each other, but with the acknowledged attributes of the Deity, and the well-known condition of human nature.

“What do sceptics propose to give us in exchange for this system of Christianity, with its ‘hidden mysteries,’ ‘miracles,’ ‘signs and wonders?’ Doubt, confusion, obscurity, annihilation. Life, without higher motive than selfishness; death—without hope. Is it for this that their zeal is so warmly displayed in proselyting? Is such the gain to accrue for the relinquishment of our souls? In very deed, this is the utmost they have to propose, and we can only account for their rancorous efforts to render others like themselves, by reflecting that misery loves company.”

In the last letter which I ever received from him, he observes, “My time is so exceedingly occupied by the literary business I am engaged in, that it is with great difficulty that I can attend to any other affairs. However, I have always intended to leave behind me the sort of mem-

oranda you wish for, which my friends may use at their discretion. I have to-day, as above mentioned, concluded one book, which leaves me at liberty to write some long-deferred letters. To-morrow I must resume my pen to complete some articles of zoology for the *Encyclopædia Americana*, now preparing in Boston. It shall be my constant endeavor to husband my strength to the last; and by doing as much as is consistent with safety, for the good of my fellow-creatures, endeavor to discharge a mite of the immense debt I owe for the never-failing bounties of Providence."

He did husband his strength, and toiled with his pen almost to the last hours of his life; and by thus doing, has furnished us with a singular evidence of the possibility of uniting the highest attainments in science, and the most ardent devotion to letters, with the firmest belief and the purest practice of the Christian. But the period of his dissolution was not distant: the summons arrived; and conscious that the messenger who had been long in waiting could not be bribed to tarry, he commended his little family in a fervent prayer to Him who has promised to be the "Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God;" and then with uplifted eyes and hands, and a face beaming with joy and confidence, resigned his spirit into the arms of his Redeemer, on the morning of the 17th of April, 1830, aged thirty-two years.

A friend who was his constant companion during his sickness, and witnessed his last moments, writes me thus:

"You ask me to give you an account of his last moments: they were such as have robbed me of all terror of death, and will afford me lasting comfort through life. The same self-composure and entire resignation which were so remarkable through his whole sickness, supported him to

the end. O, it was not death—it was a release from mortal misery to everlasting happiness. Such calmness when he prayed for us all—such a heavenly composure, even till the breath left him, you would have thought he was going only a short journey. During the day his sufferings had been almost beyond enduring. Frequently did he pray that the Lord would give him patience to endure all till the end, knowing that it could not be many hours; and truly his prayers were heard. *Lord Jesus, receive my soul*, were the last words he uttered, and his countenance appeared as if he had a foretaste of heaven even before his spirit left this world.”

I might enlarge, but I forbear. Allow me only to add, that there are those who feel that in the death of Dr. Godman the strongest ties of nature are torn asunder. While we mingle our sighs with theirs, let us delight to dwell upon those traits, and emulate those virtues, which we admired while he lived, and which death can never efface from the memory.

TRIBUTE FROM ROBERT WALSH, ESQ.

“The tributes which have been paid to the late Dr. Godman, were especially due to the memory of a man so variously gifted by nature, and so nobly distinguished by industry and zeal in the acquisition and advancement of science. He did not enjoy early opportunities of self-improvement, but he cultivated his talents, as he approached manhood, with a degree of ardor and success which supplied all deficiencies; and he finally became one of the most accomplished general scholars and linguists, acute and erudite naturalists, ready, pleasing, and instructive lecturers and writers of his country and era. The principal subject of his study was anatomy in its main branches, in which he

excelled in every respect. His attention was much directed also to physiology, pathology, and natural history ; with an aptitude and efficiency abundantly proved by the merits of his published works, which we need not enumerate.

“ We do not now recollect to have known any individual who inspired us with more respect for his intellect and heart than Dr. Godman ; to whom knowledge and discovery appeared more abstractly precious ; whose eye shed more of the lustre of generous and enlightened enthusiasm ; whose heart remained more vivid and sympathetic amidst professional labor and responsibility always extremely severe and urgent. Considering the decline of his health for a long period, and the pressure of adverse circumstances, which he too frequently experienced, he performed prodigies as a student, an author, and a teacher—he prosecuted extensive and diversified researches ; composed superior disquisitions and reviews, and large and valuable volumes ; and in the great number of topics which he handled simultaneously, or in immediate succession, he touched none without doing himself credit, and producing some new development of light.

“ He lingered for years under consumption of the lungs ; understood fully the incurableness of his melancholy state ; spoke and acted with an unfeigned and beautiful resignation ; toiled at his desk to the last day of his thirty-two years, still glowing with the love of science and the domestic affections.”

See where the waning moon

Slowly surmounts yon dark tree-tops,
Her light increases steadily, and soon

The solemn night her stole of darkness drops :
Thus to my sinking soul, in hours of gloom,
The cheering beams of hope resplendent come ;
Thus the thick clouds which sin and sorrow rear,
Are changed to brightness, or swift disappear.

Hark, that shrill note proclaims approaching day ;
The distant east is streak'd with lines of gray ;
Faint warblings from the neighboring groves arise ;
The tuneful tribes salute the brightening skies ;
Peace breathes around ; dim visions o'er me creep ;
The weary night outwatch'd, thank God, I too may sleep.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A FEELING OF THE IMMEDIATE
APPROACH OF DEATH.

The damps of death are on my brow,
The chill is in my heart,
My blood has almost ceased to flow,
My hopes of life depart ;

The valley and the shadow before me open wide,
But thou, O Lord, e'en there wilt be my guardian and my
guide ;

For what is pain, if thou art nigh, its bitterness to quell ?
And where death's boasted victory, his last triumphant
spell ?

O, Saviour, in that hour when mortal strength is naught,
When nature's agony comes on, and every anguish'd
thought

Springs in the breaking heart a source of darkest woe,
Be nigh unto my soul, nor permit the floods o'erflow :
To thee, to thee alone, dare I raise my dying eyes ;
Thou didst for all atone, by thy wondrous sacrifice :
O, in thy mercy's richness, extend thy smiles on me,
And let my soul outspcak thy praise throughout eternity.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

FROM the moment that Saul was struck to the ground, what an astonishing difference did he manifest in his whole spirit and conduct. Where is now the fury of the persecutor; and what has become of all his murderous designs against the believers at Damascus? No sooner does the Saviour reveal his grace and glory, than the fierce adversary relinquishes all further plans of opposition, and is alarmed for his future safety. He cries for mercy, and desires to follow the directions of Jesus. "O Lord, what I know not, teach thou me; guide me into that way in which I have foolishly refused to walk; rescue my guilty soul from deserved wrath, and show me what thou requirest to be done. I give myself to thee, and desire to live in cheerful and unreserved obedience to thy precepts." Such is the purport of his declaration, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is the language of conversion. He surrendered himself to Jesus, in whom he then trusted for salvation, and to whose service he devoted the whole of his future life. From that moment he continued zealously attached to the cause of Christ, though under the strongest possible temptations to desert it, and he labored more abundantly than any others.

In a most signal manner, the rich mercy of our God, and the sufficiency of his grace in Jesus Christ, are here exhibited. St. Paul represents his own case as so remarkable in this view, that it may furnish encouragement to penitents in every age, whatever their former character may have been. The Saviour, who rescued him, can recover you. He can subdue your depravity, sanctify your polluted heart, and pardon your numerous and aggravated sins, even your fierce opposition to his Gospel, and blasphemies against himself. O rejoice in that "faithful saying," which is, indeed, "worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and like the apostle, "count all things but loss, that you may win Christ and be found in him."



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